

A GREAT OCCASION.

Republican Rally at Cincinnati,
Saturday Night.

MANY THOUSANDS CHEER

The Rough Rider When he Appeared
at the Nash Mass Meeting—He
Praises the President and Shows
the Operations in the Philippines
are a Step Towards Peace.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 22.—Music Hall
could not contain all wanting to hear
Governor Roosevelt and Senator Foraker
here last night. Governor Roosevelt
arrived in the morning and was entertain-
ed at a series of dinners by J. W. Taft,
Taft, the Piccadilly Club and others.
In the evening he was escorted from the
St. Nicholas Hotel to Music Hall by
one of the largest processions ever seen
in this city, including the American
Club, of Pittsburgh; the Blaine Club,
Stamira League and other organiza-
tions and a battalion of 100 Rough
Riders, all veterans of the Spanish war.
In addition to the torches and blazing
illumination along the line of march
there was a great display of fireworks.
The hall was filled before the parade
reached it. Governor Bushnell and
staff were in the city for the annual
police inspection and drill, but not at
Music Hall. County Chairman Cushman
opened the meeting and presented
Senator Foraker as the presiding officer.
Senator Foraker made a stirring
address of an hour in support of Judge
Nash for governor and the endorsement
of President McKinley.

Senator Foraker in the very outset
emphasized the importance of an over-
whelming Republican victory in Ohio
preceding the presidential contest. This
was never more needed than now as an
emphatic endorsement of President McKin-
ley's administration, an administration
in which the President has faithfully
kept every pledge that he made
before his election. Moreover, he had
done some things which he had not
promised—he had enlarged the domain
of the United States. The great duty
of the party to-day was to endorse the
President's administration and the way to
do so was to elect Judge Nash.

In introducing Governor Roosevelt he
lauded his services in civil life and his
bravery in the field. Senator Foraker
was tremendously cheered throughout.
When Governor Roosevelt took the
floor the cheering was so vehement and
protracted that it was some minutes
before he could begin speaking. In the
very first sentence of his speech he nomi-
nated William McKinley as the next
President of the United States amid
prolonged applause. He began by
pointing out what he had done in New
York toward eliminating any corrup-
tion from the canal service. This, he
said, was to prove his sincerity to his
audience. He then said in part:

"A grimy comic feature of the present
international conspiracy against
America and civilization is the way in
which the adherents of Aguinaldo in the
Philippines, and his apologists here, put
one another on the back, and another
striking feature is the wild inventive,
the savage and incoherent violence of
the language employed by these apostles
of peace. Yet, after all, it is but
natural. They are repeating precisely
the tactics of the copper-heads of the
civil war. The other day Ohio sent to
New York as a preacher of the new dis-
sentation Congressman Lantz, a fit and
worthy successor of Vallandigham. In
his speech in New York, Mr. Lantz di-
vided his time between eulogizing Al-
geld and eulogizing Aguinaldo, whose
success would mean the slaughter of
American soldiers and the dishonor of
the American flag.

"We are no more imperialists than
were the men who voted for Lincoln
and who bore arms under Grant and
Sherman in 1864. Admiral Dewey, when
he went into Manila Bay, did not serve
the designs of imperialists. He was
merely carrying out the historic policy
of this nation. Remember that expan-
sion is not only the handmaid of great-
ness, but, above all, it is the handmaid
of peace. Great civilized powers are, I
firmly believe, growing more and more
able to live in permanent peace with
one another, but no civilized power is
or ever has been able permanently to
keep peace with savage, barbarous or
semi-barbarous peoples, because these
latter are not able to so conduct them-
selves as to render peace possible. The
day when universal peace is possible
can only come when the nations of the
world have grown civilized.

"Now Germany has the Carolines, and
under her administration they will
doubtless flourish in peace. What she
has undertaken to do in the Carolines,
are we to shirk from doing in the Phil-
ippines? Are we alone among the great
nations of the world to announce our-
selves too weak to do our share of the
task, too timid to bear our part of the
burden in extending the reign of law,
of order, of peace, over the whole
world? That is what expansion means.
It means not only the extension of lib-
erty and order, and the bringing nearer
by gigantic strides of the day when
peace shall come to the whole earth?

"Remember that the war in the Phil-
ippines is absolutely and without qualifi-
cation a national war. With charac-

teristic perversion of the facts, our op-
ponents have spoken as though this war
were unnecessary, as if it were not
waged by President McKinley on his
own authority, and without warrant of
Congress. We are doing but our simple
duty in introducing the reign of law,
order and peace into the Philippines,
and we cannot shrink from it without
shame and dishonor. The path of ex-
pansion is the path of national honor,
the path toward universal peace. You
cannot refuse to tread it, unless you are
willing to renounce your claims to be
the heirs of the ages, and to abandon all
pretense of following in the footsteps
of Washington, of Lincoln, and of all
the great Americans who have made
our past history mighty and glorious."

APPOINTMENTS MADE

Of West Virginians Through Efforts
of Four Senators.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 22.—Sen-
ators Elkins and Scott have renewed
their effort to obtain a commission for
Ralph Caldwell, of Parkersburg. He is a
member of the Forty-first regiment
of volunteers, soon to depart for Man-
ila. A vacancy in the list of officers
has occurred by resignation, which will
be filled upon the recommendation of
the colonel. It is hoped that Caldwell's
record for efficiency, said to be excep-
tional, will secure him the favor of his
commander, and that he will be made a
second lieutenant.

Senator Elkins has secured the ap-
pointment of A. S. Woodyard, of Wirt
county, to a position as laborer, per-
manent roll, in the treasury depart-
ment, vice Lupton, of Berkeley county,
resigned.

Senator Elkins has designated for ex-
amination and appointment in the cen-
sus bureau the following persons, the
appointments depending upon the re-
sult of the examination: Edward M.
Haynes, Clifton, Mason county; L. A.
Thomas, Edwin; Lovell P. Stone,
Beallsville, Wood county; John F. Hay-
den, Weston.

The examination will not be made un-
til after January 1.

Morgantown Matters.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 22.—
The Monongahela Valley Round Table
will be organized here on next Friday.
Its object will be to further the work of
education in the Monongahela valley,
and its membership will be composed of
superintendents, principals and leading
teachers of the section.

An engineer corps will begin the first
of the week on a survey of a proposed
railroad from Keyser to Moorefield via
Mayville and Petersburg. The United
States Leather Company is the prime
mover in the matter. Associated with
it are some eastern lumber men and
capitalists.

At a meeting this morning, the Baptist
congregation of Clarksburg consid-
ered the matter of calling a pastor.
The pulpit committee recommended
Rev. R. B. McDaniell, of Philadelphia,
and he will be given a call.

Rev. G. W. Metheny, a supernum-
erary minister of the Methodist Episcopal
church, died in Buckhannon, aged six-
ty-five years.

Rev. W. W. Baird, of Washington,
Pa., has been installed as pastor of the
Presbyterian church at Cairo.

Officers Elected.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Oct. 22.—The
agricultural societies which met at
Lewisburg last week, elected the fol-
lowing officers: State Horticultural
Society—President, R. C. Burkhardt,
Martinsburg; vice president, Thomas J.
Mahan, Brooke county; secretary, Prof.
L. C. Corbett, Morgantown.

State Sheep Breeders' and Wool
Growers' Association—President, S. C.
Gist, Wellsburg; vice president, J. J.
Ehols, Greenbrier; secretary, James
Beall, Brooke county; assistant secre-
tary, J. B. Garvin.

The State Grange elected Samuel
McNell, of Mason county, chairman of
the executive committee, to succeed J. A.
Beard, of Berkeley, whose term has ex-
pired.

THE FOE OF MYTHS

Is Steam-Sailor Superstitions Rapid-
ly Disappearing From Memory.
Luckless Friday has Lapsed Into a
Tradition.

Not the least of the mighty changes
wrought by the advent of steam as a
motive power at sea is the alteration it
has made in the superstitious notions
current among seamen from the earliest
days of seafaring. In the hurry and
stress of the steamboatman's life there
is little scope for the indulgence of any
fancies whatever, and the old sea tradi-
tions have mostly died out for lack of
suitable environment.

Perhaps the first old belief to go was
that sailing on a Friday was to court
certain disasters. All old sailors dwell
with unholy gusto upon the legend of
the ship that was commenced on a Fri-
day, finished on a Friday, named the
Friday, commanded by Captain Friday,
sailed on a Friday, and—foundered on
the same luckless day with all hands
as warning to all reckless ship owners
and skippers. But steam has changed
all that. When a steamer's time for
loading or discharging began to be
reckoned not in days, but in hours, the
notion of detaining her in port for a
whole day in deference to an idea be-
came too ridiculous for entertainment,
and it almost immediately died a nat-
ural death. This, of course, had its
effect upon the less hastily worked sail-
ing vessels, although there are still to
be found in British sailing vessels mas-
ters who would use a good deal of ar-
tifice to avoid sailing on that day.

Among the Spanish, Italian, Aus-
tralian and Greek sailing vessels, how-
ever, Friday is still held in most super-
stitious awe. And on Good Friday
there always a regular carnival on
these vessels, the yards being al-
lowed to hang at all sorts of angles, the
great flung disheveled and loose, while
an effigy of Judas is subjected to all the
abuse and indignity that the lively im-
aginations of the seaman can devise.
Finally the effigy is beheaded with a
cur, a rope is attached to it, which is
then run through a block at the main
yardarm. It is set alight, and, amid the
cheerful yells and execrations of the sea-
men, it is slowly swung aloft to dangle
and blow, while the excited mariners
use up their remaining energies in a
wild dance.

Another superstition that still sur-
vives in sailing vessels everywhere
is, strangely enough, connected with the
resurrection prophet, Jonah. It in-
volves, confined to his bringing mis-
fortune upon the ship in which he sail-
ed, and seldom is any allusion made to
his miraculous engulfing by the speci-
ally prepared great fish. It does not
take a long series of misfortunes over-
taking a ship to convince her crew
that a lineal descendant of Jonah and
his misadventure is aboard. So deeply
rooted is this idea that when once it
has been aroused with respect to any
member of a ship's company that per-
son is in evil case, and, given fitting
opportunity, would actually be in dan-
ger of his life. This tinge of religious
fanaticism cropping up among a class
of men who, to put it mildly, are not
remarkable for their knowledge of
Scripture, also shows itself in connec-
tion with the paper upon which "good
words" are printed. It is an unheard
of misdemeanor on board ship to de-
stroy or put to common use such pa-

per. The man guilty of such an action
would be looked upon with horror by
his shipmates, although their current
speech is usually vile and blasphemous
beyond belief.

And herein is to be found a curious
distinction between seamen of Teuton-
ic and Slav races, excluding French-
men. Despite the superstitious rever-
ence the former pay to the written
word, one of them would in time of per-
il dream of rushing to the opposite ex-
treme, and, after madly abusing their
Bibles, throw them overboard. But the
excitable Latins, after beseeching their
patron saint to aid them in the most
agonizing tones, repeating with fren-
zied haste such prayers as they can re-
member, and promising the most costly
gifts in the event of their safely reach-
ing port again, often turn furiously upon
all they have previously been wor-
shipping, and with the most horrid
blasphemies vent their rage upon the
whilom objects of their adoration.
Nothing is too sacred for insult, no
name too revered for abuse, and should
there be, as there often is, an image
of a saint on board, it will prob-
ably be cast into the sea.

But one of the most incomprehensible
forms of sea superstition is that which
has for its object the most prosaic of
all seagoing people, the Finns. Russian
Finns, seamen always call them, al-
though there is far more of the Swede
than the Russian about them, and their
tongue is Swedish also. All things that
appertain to a ship seem to come easily
to their doing, from the time of first
laying the vessel's keel until, with every
spar, sail, and item of running gear
in its place, the strips of "skillet" and
leaves the harbor behind her for the
other side of the world. And even then
the Finn will be found to yield to none
in his knowledge of navigation. Al-
though his hands may be gnarled and
split with toil, and his square, expres-
sionless face looks as if "unkilled in-
labors" were imprinted upon it, much
difficulty would be found in the search
of a keener or more correct hand at
topographical problems or a better
keeper of the most useful document, a
ship's log-book.

Yet to these men, by common con-
sent, a supernatural status has been
assigned. Whether among the Latins
the same idea holds is somewhat doubt-
ful, but certainly in British, American,
and Scandinavian vessels Finns are al-
ways credited with characteristics
which a century ago would have in-
volved them in many unpleasantnesses.
Chiefly harmless, no doubt, these weird
powers, yet when your timid shipmate
is firmly believed to control the winds
so masterfully as to supply his favored
friends with a quartering breeze while
all the rest of the surrounding vessels
have a "dead muzzler," any affection
you may have had for him is seriously
liable to degenerate into fear. It is
perhaps hardly necessary to say that
from whatever the original idea of
Finnish necromancy originally arose, a
good many of the Finns have to move
many of them too trivial for print,
others not less original than lewd, but
all evidently grafts of fancy upon some
parent stock.

Thus, while there is a rat in the
ship, no Finn was ever known to lose
anything, because it is well known that
any rat in the full possession of his
faculties would be only too glad to wait
upon the humblest Finn. And the reason
why Finns are always far in be-
cause they have only to go and stick
their knives in the foremast to effect a
total change in their meat to whatever
they fancy most keenly at the time. It
is well that they are mostly temperate
men, since everybody knows that they
can draw any liquor they like from the
waterbreaker by turning their cap
around, and they never write letters
home because the birds that hover
around the ship are proud to bear their
messages whithersoever they list. The
catalogue of their privileges might be
greatly extended were it needful, but
one thing always strikes an unbiased
observer—the Finn is, almost without
exception, one of the humblest, quietest
of seafarers, whose sole aim is to do
what he is told as well as he can, to
give as little trouble as possible, and
where any post of responsibility is giv-
ing him to show his appreciation of it by
doing two men's work, he fills up his
leisure by devising schemes whereby he
can do more.

Of the minor superstitions there is
little to be said. Few, indeed, are the
old sailors now afloat who would cuff
a youngster's ears for whistling, fear-
ing that his merry note would raise a
storm. Whistling for wind, however,
still persists, as much a habit as the
blowing of a green cloth rubbing down
a horse, but a very skeptical laugh
would meet anyone who inquired
whether the whistler believed that his
stiffened would make any difference
to the force or direction of the wind.
Few, still are those who would now
raise any objection to the presence of a
clergyman on board. But the belief
that a death, whether of a man or an
animal, must be accompanied by it, is
perhaps more firmly held than any
other, unless it be the notion that
sharks follow any ship wherein is an
ailing man or woman, with horrible an-
tipatation.—London Spectator.

HOME THOUGHTS.

Love's Harvest of Pain—The "Wound
In the House of a Friend" Hard to
Heal.

New York Post: We, by old usage,
talk much of the misery of having en-
emies, and count a man as among
earth's wretched ones who by misfor-
tune or errors has aroused the ill will
of his kindred or neighborhood; yet
when we take evidence concerning those
hostile to us, an enemy is a rare
thing. That a man or woman should
deliberately form a hostile purpose
against another and hold to it, and
put it into active motion to injury,
is not a common occurrence. Political or
professional strife brings from a de-
feated opponent sometimes a bitter
speech: "I will get even with him some
day," but this is not the course of ordi-
nary human life. Among women ro-
mances and goings on tell tales of jeal-
ousy, and envy, and of social strategy,
but take the average man and woman,
the once-needed petition concerning
"our enemies" is a prayer without much
vital meaning in the minds of every-
day folk.

It is by the hand, the deeds of
those whom we love best, those over
whom a woman's heart yearns in ten-
derest affection, that the deepest
wounds come; it is by the misunder-
standing, the misconception, the widely
different view of our dearest friends
that we suffer most.

No mother who has had the dear de-
voted child, who has under cover
light of open, untrammelled intercourse
of twilight story-telling and good-night
talk, who has seen the unquestioning
eyes which hung upon her words,
and dreamed after a mother's fond
fashion that she was forming charac-
ter but has been startled some day
by hearing her man-child grown to
the height of her shoulder say with
bold frankness: "I never heard such
nonsense in my life." The deepest
wound comes in controversy or contra-
diction. It is simply the declaration of
an opinion. The childhood hours have
flown, and with them the vague memo-
ries of what he never grasped in any
concrete abstract form as his mother's
opinions. He has merely now seen and
heard in his growing worldliness, which
he recognizes and rejects; he little
knows that his "nonsense" brushed
away by his rude, boyish words as be-
neath his consideration is the flower of
his mother's thought for which she has
been looking in his heart when he should
reach a time to develop his own
character, his life-inspiring epoch in
a parent's, and especially a mother's,
experience when a child's maturity
bears no sort of likeness to its infancy,
and the baby of yesterday who nestled
at her breast and ran to her knee to
have its hardest hurt healed, looks at
her with eyes she cannot recognize, and
speaks a mind she has no sympathy

with, is one known to the larger part of
humanity. The ego, the individual sepa-
rate will and nature which sud-
denly confronts those who gave it life
is a wonderful thing to behold. "I
may have all been very well for you
and my father, but it is out of the
question in our day, mother, dear." What
nineteenth century home which
shelters vigorous youth is unfamiliar
with this argument regarding the or-
dering of daily life? It does not neces-
sarily indicate antagonism or willing
opposition to parental will or lack of
readiness to try to follow the lines of
previous education; it is simply the
unveiling of the spirit of the man as he
is, as "God made him," he would be
not to say. It is the internal, vital
man as he is, a condition which, how-
ever, he may modify and regulate it by
guidance, or self-control, or under the
influence of life's discipline, expresses
his real self. The pain deep down in
the heart, as she finds that while her
element is earth her offspring's is the
water, is something not to be put into
words and unknown outside of the
mother's world.

To be absolutely a part of another
nature, indescribably dear to you, whose
every movement stirs your heart, and
every thought influences your happi-
ness, and yet find that in all things its
instinct is to seek your opposite and
that its activities and joys are alien to
yours; that is not rarely a true state
of things while parent and child are
still deeply attached one to the other.

While love remains true and steady,
fast and no estrangement step be-
tween, the ache will grow bearable, and
if the development is fine, and strong,
and upward, pride will do much to med-
icine the first sword-thrust; but if this
self-revelation takes an unworthy or
dishonoring place, then indeed, the
harvest love gathers is a poisoned one.
Old frenzied Lear, crying out in his
madness, is the centre of a lurid pic-
ture, but in quiet, well-ordered homes,
where grace, and beauty, and the social
vein of conveyance keep a smooth
surface for the world to gaze upon, gay
women and proud men turn to the pa-
thetic words of the wandering king for
the expression of their grief: "O!
how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
to have a thankless child!"

And though it seems like coming into
shallow waters out of the deep sea to
turn from atmosphere which encloses
the lives of parent and child to that in
which ordinary friendships grow, yet
the brightness and good cheer, even the
courage of our hearts, are endangered
by the variations of our dear friend's
mood and tenderness toward us. To-
day we believe ourselves necessary, a
counselor, or at least one important to
the vital scheme of our friend's life and
progress, to-morrow we have drifted
by some strange current into a place
where we see some faint reflection, mir-
ragelike, of the friend we love, smiling,
kindly but intangible. No man can say
what has happened, no woman can say
possible of a change without reason or
cause, but in many and many a heart
it is slowly making its dull-edged
wound. The old French proverb that
between lovers one kisses and one
turns the cheek for the caress is true
also of friends, and the giver's heart is
the one that aches when the kiss is no
longer needed to bring the color to the
waiting cheek.

Such a large majority of human be-
ings take, like the chameleon, their
color from the place where they stop to
rest. They have not meant, they had
not thought, of change, but to-day is
not like yesterday and new influences
give new desires, and the easily satis-
fied heart is content, while the nature
capable of stronger and more abiding
affection keeps the old chamber vacant
and holds a weary watch for that
which, once chilled, cannot return.

In a recent clever novel there is a
keen and surgically sharp laying bare
of the frequent disappointment in the
meeting of old friends. Correspondence
had been frequent, warm expressions
effusive, the long-separated were eager
to meet. Face to face, they were start-
led to find how slightly they knew one
another and how far they were really
apart. When this pair comes, there is
no remedy, no one is at fault, poor hu-
man nature has simply proved itself
unequal to the demand. Few can love
what they neither see, nor hear, nor
touch, and if of two once fond of each
other one only is capable of this spiri-
tual faithfulness, it can be predicted
with painful certainty that the end will
find a lonely ache as the result. "If I
should not see you for twenty years,"
I know I shall find you the same," is
saying all of a man that can be uttered
concerning good faith and loving con-
stancy; rarely is the prophecy justified
by the end.

This seems like making the hope of
love and friendship as the pillars and
groundwork of home and life of no
avail. Far, indeed, would this thought
be from my intention; I have only
meant to touch with a sympathetic
hand some of those experiences com-
mon to us all, and which, few can
claim to be immune from. Love, and
individual life to pass unnoticed where
we assume to look with earnest eyes upon
the mysterious ties which bind us to-
gether. Rather do I mean that only
by a love which forgets self and a fidel-
ity which cannot be shaken even by
disappointed trust can these strange
dramas, noiselessly enacted upon the
stage of life, be so made to shape them-
selves that our lives are not ship-
wrecked.

If deep love and friendship's fondest
confidence can scarcely doubt that their
strength shall not at times react upon
themselves and hurt by its own force,
let the sufferer take courage by looking
at that most miserable existence which
withholds its talent should not re-
turn to it with usury and rather choose
to openly lavish the rich provision in-
trusted to each of us and gladden the
world. If there comes an after-pain
to circle about our empty heart-cham-
bers, let us not shrink; what has gone
out of us gave birth, and was and ever
will be for the enlightening and en-
riching of the world, which needs such
gifts. God knows!

The girl who chooses to leave her
mother's side for the sake of one un-
worthy, and to set aside all counsel
and entreaty; the wayward boy who
throws the glory of his young man-
hood to the dogs who will devour it;
the possessed who fly hither and thither
after phantoms and will-o'-the-wisps
of fortune or fame or wild fancies of
unreason, all have within them the
germ of rest, an embryo of what some
day will heal and restore and reclaim
if the fire of home-love ever grows dim.
If it waits to cast its light into a gen-
eration passes, and the spring or mis-
erably child grows in the spring of
light first reflected in his own off-
spring's eyes, its warmth is not wasted,
its radiance penetrates through many
misty years. Love's harvest of pain
was never garnered in vain; it is only
when bitterness makes a funeral pyre
of its darkened sheaves that it is value-
less.

Especially of our relations to our
children it is written over life's door
that nothing shall be gained without
pain. Not without a pang shall the
young mother hold her first-born in
her happy arms; not without pain and
many a struggle shall she shape that
little life to take its place and part in
the world. If parental love be the pure-
st, most unalloyed passion human
hearts are capable of, let us realize
that nothing is so exalted without the
medium of sacrifice, nor made so pure
without the fire of pain. Let us take
it at its true estimate, and neither be
afraid of the pangs by which a man is
born into the material world, nor of
those keener agonies by which we are
sometimes called to see him achieve his
own destiny and speak the mind that is
in him.

Slowly, as age creeps on, the life-
giver learns the light grasp with
which the little child was held, and
in wonder as an oak grows from the
acorn she has sown. So solemnly the aged
spirit finds that often love's best award
is the perfection of its own soul by the
sacrifice and exaltation that all true
love entails. If it be only for this reason,
let us open our hearts wide and love
much.

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Mme. Ruppert's Price.	Our Price.	Mme. Ruppert's Price.	Our Price.
Mme. Ruppert's Golden Hair Tonic gives new life to and stops falling hair. \$1.00	88c	Mme. Ruppert's Almond Oil Complexion Soap: a perfect soap: a combination of almond oil and wax, not a soiled soap and contains no lye.	18c
Mme. Ruppert's Wonderful Depilatory removes superfluous hair without injury to skin in 3 minutes. 1.00	88c	Mme. Ruppert's World Renowned Face Bleach. Large bottle cleans the skin of any discoloration and beautifies the complexion naturally. \$2.00	\$1.65
Mme. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorative is not a dye, but returns gray hair to its natural color. 2.00	\$2.49	Mme. Ruppert's Egyptian Balm, a valuable skin food, and used in connection with the Bleach removes wrinkles. 1.00	88c
Mme. Ruppert's Pearl Emulsion causes the skin to assume a girlish loveliness, mainly for evening use. 1.00	88c		
Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder. 50	48c		

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